N. J. Heiss

THE Medical Missionary

Map of India showing division of country

November 1947

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

It is hard for us in America, the "land of plenty" to realize the difficulties of the average family in India in the matter of food. Sister M. Cecilia tells about this problem in "A Balanced Diet."

Reasons for thanksgiving are found in "Comparatively Speaking" by Sister M. Alma Julia. It is easy to see how much richer was our own childhood in comparison with that of a child of India.

"A New India" shows the political divisions of the country, and the relation of our Holy Family Hospitals to them.

Sister M. Pauline brings another story from the south of India in "Jackfruit Season in Malabar."

LEAGUE OF GRATITUDE

We can think of no more fitting time to bring back the "League of Gratitude." In 1928, when the Society was scarce three years old, this league was formed with the permission of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, late Archbishop of Baltimore. As its name implies, the keynote is gratitude—a real and profound sense of thankfulness for the gifts of faith and health. This appreciation of God's goodness prompts us to bring these gifts to the people in mission countries. Members of the League share in all the prayers and works of the Sisters. Requirements for membership are: Prayer and alms for the spread of Christ's kingdom through the Medical Mission Apostolate.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care for the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.

Medical Mission Centers conducted by the Society in India and the United States are:

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Rawalpindi, India
HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Patna, India
MITFORD MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL.
Dacca, Bengal, India
HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Mandar, Ranchi District, India
THE SANTA FE CATHOLIC MATERNITY INST., Santa Fe, N. M.
THE CATHOLIC COLORED CLINIC
Atlanta, Georgia

It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

A Hymn for November

T o Thee, O God, belongs eternal praise.

E nable us our voice to raise.

D idst Thou not redeem us with Thy blood?

E lect us to become Thy sons?

U pon us all Thy graces flood?

M ercy show to Thy least ones.

L et nation join with nation

A nd sing to God this song:

U nder the standard of the Cross

D oes the race of man belong.

A doration, praise and glory,

M ighty God, should ever be to Thee.

U nceasingly we thank the

S ource of our felicity.

A BALANCED DIET

SISTER M. CECELIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Volumes may be written on balanced diets and deficiency diseases, but they would be no help to the average Indian woman and house wife, for she cannot read! There is widespread under-nourishment and disease, not only of the poor, but also of those who could afford to buy suitable food if they knew how.

Rice is *the* food, but what does it contain? Water and some starch. According to the text books, it should have vitamin B, but no discriminating Indian wants to eat red rice—that is the food of the people who are not wealthy enough to choose the "b'less bhat" (polished rice).

Sugar is taken on feast days in the form of "jalabies"—pastry rings cooked in deep boiling fat, then immediately immersed in hot ghur (unrefined sugar). Sugar is also taken by the city bred in tea, but the daily menu does not include a dessert course. Occasionally, a taste for sweets may be indulged.

Lack of protein is the greatest deficiency. Meat is the most expensive item, and the subject of religious taboos. Eggs, animal meat, fowl and, in the case of widows, fish, are conspicuous by their absence in the Hindu diet. Those of the Moslem faith are less restricted in their choice. Pork, bacon, or anything else that has contact with a pig is their main horror. Dals (lentils) are the most frequently consumed protein, but they are taken as a thin soup, so that the quantity is negligible.

Fat is taken in the form of a cream-like butter, sprinkled with sugar and eaten just as it is, as one might eat a piece of candy. Ghee (clarified butter) is used by the discriminating for cooking purposes. The ordinary housewife depends on mustard oil.

Clean milk is unprocurable. Even the best supervision cannot guarantee that the guala (milk man) did not add water the minute the supervisor turned his back. One day while doing an evening round in Dacca (the hospital looks onto the river), I was intrigued by the speed of a small boat. I stopped to watch the rower and his companion. There were two brass milk containers in the boat, each half filled with milk. The owner was working as fast as his hands could move with a scoop. In less than five minutes the containers were full of "milk" (and river water) for bazaar consumption.

Vegetables are available for all, but sag (green leafy vegetables) are the cheapest on the market. Fruit is also available, but taken occasionally as a treat rather than as a regular part of the diet. The water supply is often contaminated. That means that cholera and typhoid are always with us.

The people do not always have regular meal

The scales often tell the story of the lack of health-giving foods

times. One patient, who preferred to have her food cooked at home, was in the hospital with a diagnosis of "diabetes mellitus." She was given an initial dose of insulin, then I told her to let me know when her evening meal arrived, in order that she might receive an injection before eating. When meal time had passed, I inquired when the food would arrive. The answer was that it would not arrive, because she had felt hungry earlier, and had taken a snack. Now she did not care for a meal. She was in the habit of doing this, so it was useless to attempt to break the habit of thirty years.

We have ceased to wonder why the hospital workers have no energy for a good day's work. They pick up a pice worth of a cereal-like concoction from a vendor in the bazaar. Once, or maybe twice, daily they eat an enormous plateful of rice with a little vegetable curry. It is the same with the nurses. Though they eat better than they have eaten before, they have no reserve strength. As soon as they go on regular ward duty, their weights decrease. Frequently they have to be supplied with an iron tonic and extra nourishment between meals.

You have heard of deficiency diseases frequently met with in the tropics. We see them all. Eye infections, beri-beri, (edema), pellegra, (paralysis and dementia), scurvy (bleeding gums), and osteomalacia. There is one that we seldom see—rickets. Ordinarily the babies get plenty of sunshine. Their big problem is a proper artificial diet if the mother dies. One baby was admitted in the hospital with a "textbook" example of kerato-malacia, being absolutely blind from poor nourishment. Fortunately it came in time to get a ticket to Saint Peter.

The much read of famine in Bengal was truly terrible. Ignorance was a great contributing factor. Poverty? Yes! High prices? Yes! But in some cases, alternatives to their standard diet of rice were refused by the people because they knew no better.

Today a patient is going home who was admitted with a severe anemia and a slight fever. As usual, she had been living in a vicious circle—slight fever, therefore cannot eat or drink: does not eat or drink, therefore fever continues. After hearing many times a day for three or four days, "Eat, eat!", receiving injections of liver, and taking vitamin pills, she decided that there was perhaps something in it all. Starting with bread and butter, in two days she progressed to a full diet. Her face assumed normal proportions. Then she was able to sit up in a chair. We hope she is going home convinced that food is good for her. She is not poor, but able and willing to pay for all the necessities of life, and some luxuries. The climate is enervating, but that is not all. *We know* by the change in a patient's demeanor after accepting advice as to what ought to be eaten.

A typical example of the emaciation resulting from lack of a sufficient diet.

For ourselves, food is available. We know the value of a "square meal." It may not be just what we would prefer, and are accustomed to, but it is nourishing. The Lord provides good things in abundance in every climate. Only careless or untutored handling spoil the picture.

Mary

The Church's title of Mary to our gratitude: She has given us Jesus, our Salvation, our sanctification, our joy, our riches. She has no greater desire than to share the fruit of her womb.

Comparatively Speaking

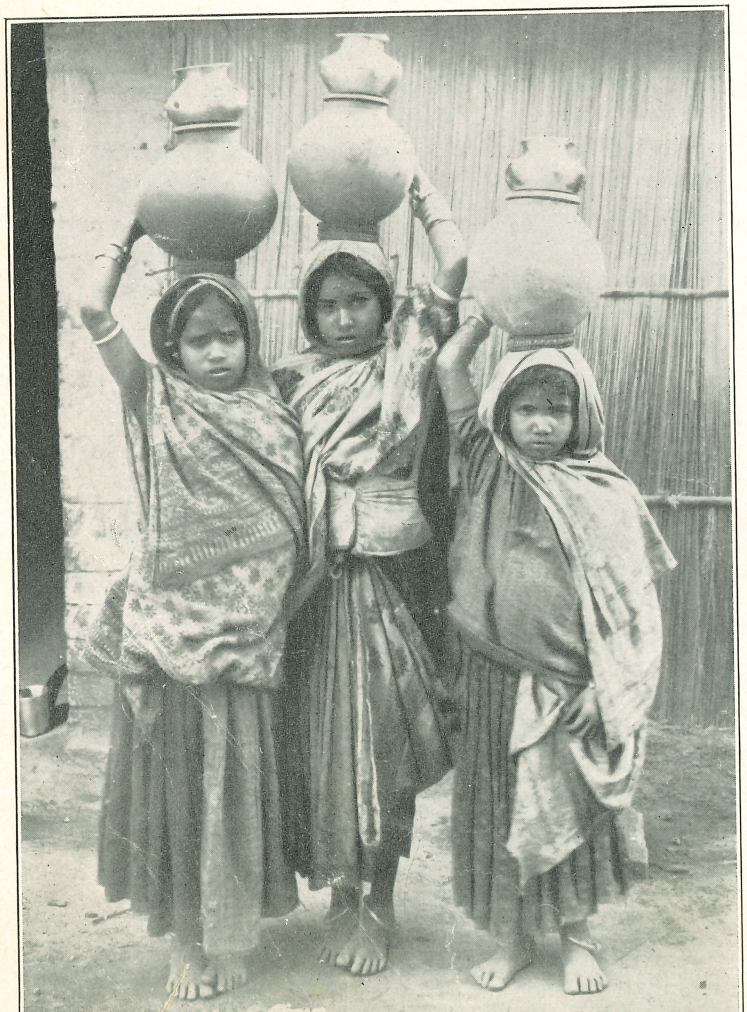
SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M.

Mine was a glorious childhood, surrounded with untold riches. All the good things of heaven and earth were at my command. But I didn't know this until I spent some time in India and observed the lives of the little Hindu and Muslim girls around here.

Of course I had to go to school while Fatma here does not. But then I could enjoy the world of books that are closed to her. Not only were all the books of the Cleveland Public Library at my disposal, but I could even ask for special ones as they were published. It cost me nothing, so I might just as well have been the owner of the thousands of books available. And I *did* spend numerous happy hours from *Grimm's Fairy Tales* to the *Summa* of St. Thomas; not to mention travel and fiction. A whole glorious world closed to most Indian girls.

Fatma lives in a dirty alley without any pretence of modern sanitation. All refuse is thrown into the ditch where a "sweeper" cleans up once or twice a day what the dogs and vultures leave. Except for her mud-floor, one-room house and the alley itself, she has no playground. I had Edgewater Park and the whole south shore of Lake Erie at my disposal, as well as other parks further afield. In the summer, my sisters and I could pack our lunches and spend the whole lovely day swinging or teeter-tottering, or sliding or else skipping stones over the waves, or wading in the shallow water, or picking violets in the woods—and the hundred and one ways in which time is so quickly and happily sepnt. All this was mine without spending a cent, since the Lake was within walking distance.

Work and play are mingled for these little Indian girls.



Even at that time I remember thinking, as I played in the woods and near the lake, "All this is mine, as far as I can see." As I reasoned, could I have had more enjoyment out of it all if it were legally and actually in my name? If I were a millionaire instead of just the eleventh child of a workman's family, I could not have had more fun with all those riches—the playmates, the walks, the picnics, the woods, and lakes and all.

But Fatma has nothing of all that. Rarely is she allowed to go beyond the alley in which she lives. There might be a girl next door or a few in the immediate alley, where they will play something similar to "jacks" or "hop-scotch"; but other than playing with the babies in the same alley, they seem to have no other diversion. To join up with the "kids" of the next alley would be too adventurous, and maybe too dangerous. Thus, Fatma generally gets too little exercise and too little fresh air. She becomes listless, anemic, often crippled and tubercular.

If she could only get out and do the things we did in my childhood! By the time I was 10 years old my sister and I belonged to a gymnasium where we learned many kinds of folk dances and games and did stunts like climbing rope ladders and swinging on the parallel bars. It didn't cost us anything except the penny for the use of the shower afterwards. Many of us soon had our own bicycles (that was before automobile traffic made city bicycling impossible) and we went on long rides to Rocky River. We joined the "Camp Fire Girls." By that time we were so rich that my sister and I were allowed 5 cents a week each. How that amount could be stretched!

And the spiritual wealth of my childhood!

Almost my first recollection is the story of the Baby Jesus at Bethlehem, and my first visit to the Church to see the Crib on His birthday. Oh the beauties of Christianity! At the end of my first year in a Catholic school, I knew more theology than all the Muslims and Hindus of India put together. A theology of love and patience, the forgiveness of sin, a Virgin Mother, and the Eucharist.

Poor Fatma! Being a Muslim girl she probably knows nothing except that there is a God, and Mohammed is His prophet. But girls aren't bothered much about religion. If she is a Hindu, then it is even worse. A million gods more or less, with as many practices to pacify them.

But to go back to material things. Since I was the child of a workman with numerous brothers and sisters, I was a member of what some people call the "underprivileged" group. According to some "modern" thought, I should never have been born. Not the eleventh child of a foreign family living from hand to mouth in the early days! Yet I was better off than Fatma in that I never remember being hungry. There was a time when we had oil-cloth on the kitchen table and no rug in the parlor. Even then, there was always plenty of pancakes with maple syrup for breakfast, potatoes and gravy for dinner, and buttered "eating ears" and apple pie for supper.

Poor Fatma is usually hungry. Tea and a chapati (pancake) for breakfast, chapati without tea for dinner and maybe chapati with curry for supper. Two-thirds of the people of India eat only twice a day, and are always a little hungry. Millions starve each year. Yes, I mean *starve*. A hundred million half starve, even if they have the quantity of food, because they haven't the variety and quality so necessary for good health. Compared with the earning power of the people, milk is more expensive here than anywhere else in the world.

Poor Fatma! If she could have had only one-tenth of the material and spiritual riches I took for granted, wouldn't she be a happier and healthier girl today.

The very best thing of all will ever be denied her, unless her whole world is changed. A day will come when she is married off whether she wants to be or not. There is no room in a Muslim or Hindu world for an unmarried girl. Then her life will be even more restricted. If she does not become the mother of many sons, her lot will become more and more miserable. Being a Catholic, and more especially, being blessed with a religious vocation, I could say "I want to be a nun, I want to work for God alone. I want to go to the Missions and help Fatma and Fatma's mother, if it be the Will of God."

The Consecration of His Excellency, Most Rev. Nicholas Hettinga, The First Bishop of Kashmir and Kafristan

The entire town of Bolsward, Holland turned out to celebrate the consecration of Nicolas Hettinga, first Vicar Apostolic of the Punjab, Missionary of Mill-Hill. All the citizens of his childhood town took part in the popular feast held in his honor. The day before the ceremony, the Bishop-elect was met at the city limits by the Mayor of the city, accompanied by several Bishops. In a festive procession with the brass-band, flower-girls, and all the Catholic organizations, the Bishop-elect was escorted across the picturesque Friesian town to the imposing church of St. Francis.

The next day, October 8, the ceremony of consecration took place. The Consecrator was Msgr. Reesinck, Vicar Apostolic of Uganda. The Governor of Friesland (a province of Holland) and the municipality were present. In the afternoon there was an official reception in the town-hall, a building of early baroque architecture. The Governor paid tribute to Catholic citizens of Friesland.

Bishop Hettinga has one of the most difficult dioceses in the world. In the present unrest, he will meet many difficulties in the way of establishing the kingdom of Christ. Our Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, is under his jurisdiction.

Sister M. Veronica, from the Holland house, and Sister M. Rosina, from the Philadelphia house, represented the Society.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

India Divided

On August 15, the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the British Government officially withdrew from India. The long desired independence of that great continent became an accomplished fact. But a continent, even though free, does not thereby automatically become a political unity, a country. Freedom has been gained, but union and peace still remain to be achieved.

In order to become free, India had to be divided. The two main peoples, Hindus and Mohammedans, differing in religion, culture, language and loyalties, have parceled out the country between them, more or less according to the numerical majority in the various areas. The North and East have become Pakistan, "sacred country," of the Mohammedans, while the Central and Southern part is now called the "Union of India," under Hindu control.

This is a rough partition only. Hindus, Sikhs and Moslems are so inextricably mixed over the entire continent that it is not possible to divide the land that it will coincide with the religious allegiances of the people. The population of India is divided as follows:

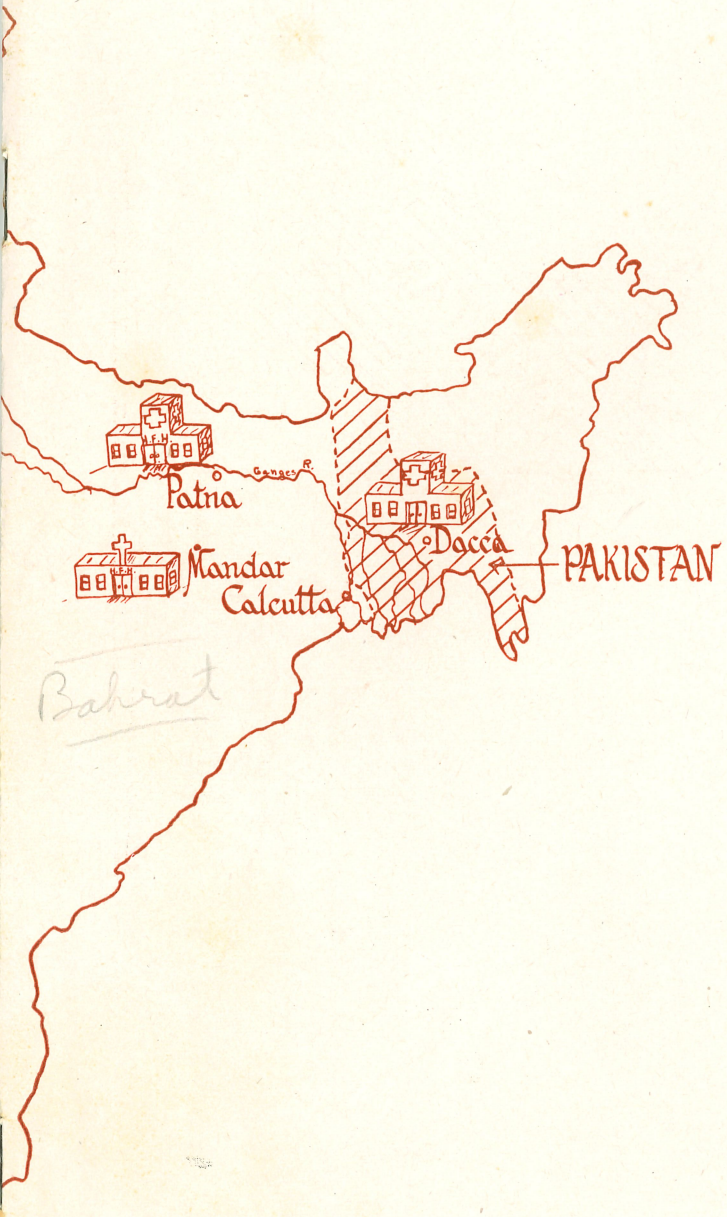
UNION OF INDIA	
Hindus	257,000,000
Moslems	38,000,000
Sikhs	3,900,000

PAKISTAN	
Moslems	50,000,000
Hindus	19,000,000
Sikhs	1,000,000

The first result of this division has been migration. At the moment hundreds of thousands of Indian peasants are on the march. The Moslems are trying to get into Pakistan, the Sikhs and Hindus, to get away from it. That such a major displacement of Oriental, illiterate village people cannot happen without some panic, struggle and suffering, is obvious. But the two governments are doing all in their power to minimize this upheaval. It will take time to resettle these farmers, but it can be done. On the whole, they are not belligerent by nature, and will gladly settle down to a peaceful village life again.

It is a curious coincidence that our Sisters are located in two of the new capitals of India: Rawalpindi in West Pakistan, and Dacca in East Pakistan. Thus we are in strategic positions right at the heart of the New India. This may serve to indicate that to us political changes are mere accidents. Governments may come and governments may go, but there are always the sick who need medical care. Charity and faith have eternal value, far outweighing the temporary importance of British or Indian rule. Rawalpindi's Holy Family Hospital will probably lose many of its Sikh and Hindu patients, Patna will see fewer Mohammedan purdah women. But the need for good medical care

INDIA



remains unchanged, no matter who applies for it. The stage of transition will be anxious and uncomfortable, particularly in Pakistan. But this too will pass. When the cloud of dust settles down, our Holy Family Hospitals will emerge safely and continue to serve Christ's poor and suffering members in India.

Flags of the New Nations

A flag is more than a decorative banner. It is a symbol of the ideals of a nation. Men deem it an honor to give their lives to save the flag of their country from dishonor. The sight of the red, white and blue flying bravely in the breeze sends a thrill through the heart of every American. Now at last the people of India have a flag as the sacred emblem of their hard gained freedom.

The new flag of the Union of India is a tricolor of saffron, white, and dark green. There is a wheel of navy blue in the center. Saffron represents the courage and sacrifice that were necessary to win freedom, and which will be necessary to preserve order in the future. White indicates the peace that is the hope of the people, and truth. Green symbolizes faith and chivalry. The design of the wheel in the center is that of the "dharma chakra" (the wheel of the law) of Asoka. Asoka, a Buddhist, was ruler of India about 300 B. C. He proved to be, in general, a kind and tolerant king. Under his rule, the empire reached greater unity than it had ever known. It was never again really a nation until the rule of Akbar, 2000 years later. This wheel represents the ideals of brotherhood and world co-operation. It can also be taken to represent the spinning wheel, a symbol of the home industry so often advocated by Ghandi, the great Hindu leader.

The flag of Pakistan is green with a white margin at the pole end to represent the minorities. The star and crescent, traditional symbols of the Moslems, grace the center of the flag. These, too, have historical origins. The crescent moon was adopted by Byzantium in 339 B. C. At that time, Philip of Macedon was besieging the city. He planned to undermine the walls during the night. But the crescent moon was so bright that it betrayed the attackers. In gratitude to Diana (goddess of the moon), the citizens adopted this emblem on their flag. When the Turks captured the city in 1453, they appropriated the crescent. The origin of the star is not so easily traced. Some think it is "Al Tarek," the star of exceeding brightness mentioned in the Koran. The five points of the star in the flag of Pakistan are taken to represent the five provinces of Pakistan: North West Frontier, West Punjab, Baluchistan, Sind, and East Bengal.

JACKFRUIT SEASON IN MALABAR

SISTER M. PAULINE, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Jackfruit as it grows on its tree.

Fox Chase and apples—Malabar and jackfruit. That is how the pattern goes. I remember how we used to peel apples day after day at the Motherhouse. Here we have jackfruit. One thing every postulant must bring is a jack-knife —to use especially during the jackfruit season, and also for preparing tapioca. The postulants and novices spend many hours a day preparing the jacks—either for frying in cocoanut oil, or to be dried in the sun.

This native fruit is very difficult to describe. I do not know of any fruit at home with which to compare it. It is bigger than a watermelon, yet grows on a tree close to the trunk on a strong thick stem. To cut it down, the coolie climbs the tree, ties a rope on the jack, cuts it loose, and lets it down by the rope.

Then begins the work of preparing the fruit. First it is cut open with an axe. Each one must oil her hands well before beginning to separate the seeds from the fiber because the fiber is very sticky. The inside of the jack is full of hundreds of seeds about the size of a chestnut, and each seed is surrounded by a little bag. All of these are bound together with strong fibrous bands. The little bag of fleshy substance, pale yellow in color, is the edible part. The fibers have to be pulled off, each little bag opened, and the seed removed.

The fleshy part may be cooked and curried when it is green. It may be eaten raw when fully ripe, chopped up with cocoanut and made into a halva (pudding). But the nicest way is to slice the fruit thinly, fry in oil and make "chips," as we call them. These keep in tins for months. During the monsoon season, when the children cannot go out they munch these "chips" all day as we would peanuts, or popcorn. The fruit may be dried in the sun and stored in sacks. Later it can be soaked in hot water, cooked and curried. The jack seeds are also dried and stored, and later curried or roasted.

During the jackfruit season everywhere you go there are jacks. Everyone who has ever worked for us comes and asks for one—the dhobie (laundry-man), the postman, the coolies, anyone. They usually pick out one while it is on the tree, and keep their eye on it. When it is ready, they come and ask if they can have it!

The novices and postulants at Mary Giri preparing the jackfruit.

Be not one who stretches out his hand to receive, but shuts it when it comes to giving . . . for the Father's Will is that we give to all from the gifts we have received.

—Doctrine of the Apostles

A BISHOP SPEAKS ABOUT FREEDOM

(The following is the text of the letter of Bishop-elect A. F. Wildermuth, S. J. to his diocese on August 15, 1947. *It deserves to be a classic on the Church's attitude towards governments.)*

To the Clergy and Laity of Patna Mission:

This year the 15th of August will be for us a day of two-fold happiness and rejoicing. We shall rejoice with Our Lady on the Feast of her Assumption into Heaven; and we shall rejoice in India's attainment of independence. We should be profoundly grateful to God that this fondly cherished desire for national independence, for which so many of India's sons have labored and suffered, has ultimately been achieved in a peaceful manner.

It is a happy coincidence that the day India assumes full constitutional power should fall on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, as though Divine Providence would place our land under the protection of His mother's mantle. Surely, then, on this her feast, Our Lady will hear united prayers for our rulers, that wisdom and prudence may guide them in the momentous decisions they will be obliged to make for the welfare of our country.

A true Catholic is a model citizen. He renders to God the things that are God's, and to his country what constitutes the noblest form of patriotism. If we live according to the teachings of Our Divine Lord, we will possess those qualities which make us perfect citizens. We will obey the laws of our country because the Catholic Church teaches us that loyalty and obedience to constituted authority is a religious duty, founded on obedience to God. In a spirit of truly Christian self-sacrifice we will co-operate generously in promoting those just measures which our rulers deem necessary to the national welfare.

Therefore, it is incumbent on us to take an active interest in all problems which our country must solve, but especially the social problems; to study them in the light of the teaching of the Catholic Church which gives us the correct principles for a just social order; to try to find adequate solutions to these problems and thus assist our rulers to frame laws that will insure justice and charity for all.

We will promote peace and harmony among all those living in our locality because Our Savior has taught us that love for one another, embracing all men without exception, is the distinguishing mark of His true followers. This spirit of Christ-like charity urges us to take an active interest in the well-being of our fellow citizens, and to do all we can, even at the cost of great personal sacrifices, to assist them in all their needs, spiritual as well as temporal.

On this first day when India will assume its God-given right to rule itself, all should implore God, through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother, that peace, and prosperity may reign throughout the land, so that India may justly gain a place of preeminence among the other nations of the world.

In order that the day of national rejoicing may be fittingly celebrated, a special Mass of Thanksgiving should be offered in each church or chapel. During the Benediction service, let the *Te Deum,* the Church's hymn of praise, be sung in thanksgiving to God for our newly won independence, and in imploring Heaven's favor that we and our rulers may use our new freedom towards India's glory and prosperity.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

A. F. Wildermuth, S. J.

MISSION INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

"The Conversion of Political Leaders in the Missions"

The position of political leaders in any nation is an influential one. But the position of such leaders in mission lands is doubly important. That there are "forbidden lands"—such as Afghanistan, Nepal and Tibet—shows the power they wield in regard to the spread of the Gospel.

If we look into the history of the Church, we find that in the rapid conversion of the nations of the West, the leaders of the people took the lead. Some kings were so zealous for their newly found Faith that they, and not the missionaries, received the title of "apostle" of their nation.

Let us join with the Church in praying for this important keystone in the conversion of the peoples of mission lands.

Clinic In The Celebes

The Staff

A Maternity Clinic was opened in Makassar, Celebes Islands, on June 1, 1947 by the five Medical Mission Sisters who left the Dutch house in February for work in Indonesia. For some months the Sisters remained at the hospital conducted by the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo in Batavia, Java to become acquainted with the language, the people and the country.

When Sister M. Eleanor Lippits, M. D., superior of the Medical Mission House in Holland, and Sister M. Leonie Tummers, M. D., Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, India, went to Java for a visit in May, it was decided that the Sisters should begin maternity work in Makassar. This is the capital and most important port of the Celebes Islands, and for centuries has been known to missionaries. It was to Makassar that St. Francis Xavier intended to go when he first left India, but later changed his course and passed the Celebes to islands farther east.

School for Midwives

All hospitals and health work in Indonesia are under the supervision of the Department of Social Health. The Medical Mission Sisters are in charge of the Maternity Department of the Stella Maris Hospital which is supervised by the Sisters of Jesus, Mary and Joseph of 's Hertogenbosch. The most important part of the work of the Maternity Clinic is to train midwives. At the present time there are twelve students taking the midwifery course under the Medical Mission Sisters.

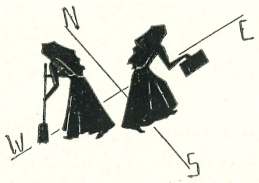
The staff of the Maternity Clinic consists of Sister M. Willibrord, superior, a trained social service worker; Sister M. Anna, nurse; Sister M. Thecla, nurse-midwife; Sister M. Elizabeth, nurse-midwife; and Sister M. Theresia, housekeeper.

Native Midwife

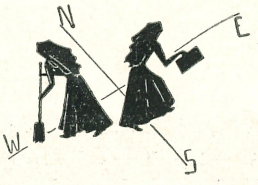
BRIGHT LIGHT IN A DARK WORLD

"In the darkness of this post-war era, which is characterized by nations' wrangling over the control of the most destructive weapon ever invented by man, labor-management disputes that disrupt the entire nation, and man-made, godless decisions that jeopardize hope for a lasting peace, the work of the Catholic missionary is a brilliant light. It brings a strange expression to the face of the most hardened cynic, sobers the most light-minded of us, and puts the fear of God into his heart; and to the immoral and vicious it brings back the long-forgotten memories of a childhood faith."

N. C. W. C. Wire



AT HOME AND ABROAD



Philadelphia

Departures and Departees

Not our own this time, but those of other communities who are destined for India.

Sunday, October 5, at the Church of the Gesu, His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty presided at the first Departure Ceremony of the Maryland Province Jesuits. Six of the group of eight missionaries are assigned to the mission of Jamshedpur. This city is "next door," so to speak to Ranchi. The other two will go to Japan. Mother Dengel and Sister M. Elise attended the ceremony.

Two Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Ky., Sister Lawrencetta and Sister Crescentia, paid us a surprise visit on October 13th. They had actually set sail for India on the 11th, but, as is the way with cargo vessels, their ship was making a few extended side trips on the way. In all, six Sisters of Charity will go to India to open their community's first foreign mission at Mokameh, in the Patna district. Their first project will be the opening of a dispensary.

Novitiate News

October 3rd is always a big day for St. Therese's Novitiate, but this year it coincided with another event. On that day, Sister Agnes Marie who has been Mistress of Novices for 16 years, departed for Sante Fe. She was given a traditional departure banquet, with many good wishes for her trip.

Rawalpindi

Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, India

There is still quite a bit of unrest here in the Punjab. It is hard to believe that the Moslems and the Hindus, who a few months ago were able to live together peaceably, are now fighting so bitterly. We hear many stories that send chills up our spines. We ourselves are safe and sound, thanks be to God. Our greatest inconveniences result from the disruption of transportation, and lack of workers. The government is doing all in its power to minimize bloodshed. Refugee camps have been set up. They are crowded and have poor hygienic conditions.

The picture is not without a better side. There is a temporary refugee camp right across the street from the hospital. We go over several times a day to make rounds.

From the camp across the street, the people are sent to Mansar, about 50 miles away. Sister Bernadette wheedled a ride in a truck going there. The company consisted of 15 refugees, three guards from the Muslim League wearing green shirts, Sister John (a native sister,) Sister Bernadette and myself. One of the guards was quite old, and looked very fierce. All had knives. We had a bag of candy with us, a gift from one of our patients. Sister Bernadette started to give out pieces to the children. Our old green shirt put out his hand and said in English, "I want, too." Somehow he looked less fierce after that. Appearances are often deceiving. The other two guards and all the women put out their hands for a piece. I started to eat a pear which had a bad spot in it. The old guard saw it and handed me his knife. As I cut out the spot, I said to myself, "Lord, I hope this hasn't been used for something else." Fortunately we had enough pears to give to all. By the time we arrived at Mansar, we were all fast friends. Our visit to the camp was short. Just before we left, tea arrived. The sugar was in a saucer, but there were no spoons. All the men gathered around us to apologize for "no spoon." We have arranged with the commandant to have a dispensary once a week for the women and children at Mansar. The leaders of the people are only too glad to accept such offers. Our main trouble is—no drugs. As soon as transportation improves, we hope to get new supplies.

Sister M. Dolores

Mandar

Holy Family Hospital
Mandar Post Office
Ranchi Diocese, India

Medical School prepared me for everything but the local modes of transportation! Now that the rains have begun in real earnest, the so-called roads have become quagmires, miniature lakes and rivers. My guide and I generally set out on a bike, but I know that before long it will be a debatable point whether I carry the bicycle more than it carries me. Soon we are walking knee deep in mud, or the bike is slipping around in the deep sand. I fall off so many times that I finally decide that it is not worth the effort of getting back on.

I must tell you about two calls—one was in Chevira, the longest three miles I have ever ridden. We started out about 4 p.m. We were walking most of the time, but one of the men pushed my bike. Ahead of us I could see a definite break in the road. When we came nearer, a ten foot drop in the road appeared, with water about five feet deep. I had visions of climbing down those muddy sides, and trying to jump over the stream. This was not necessary. About a dozen men, who were working in a nearby field, were called over. They lifted the bike across, then pushed, pulled and half lifted me across. I laughed so much they all started laughing as though it were a great joke. A little further on we ran into the weekly bazaar, which meant weaving in and out between horses, cows, goats, bullock carts and the everlasting buffaloes. When I finally reached my patient, I was so hot and out of breath that the relatives proceeded to fan me.

The other day I went on a call seven miles north. The last half mile we walked up on a ledge with muddy water on each side, trying to balance our bikes without slipping down the sides. Coming back we passed a big cobra with its head high, surrounded by farmers who were not making the slightest move to kill it. I decided to mind my own business, and rode on.

My last call I made in luxury, riding in the side car of a motorcycle. The priest was also there. He gave the patient the last Sacraments, and I tried to keep her from needing them. In payment, Father was presented with two large eggs. I received a similar reward.

Sister M. Barbara, M. D.

Atlanta

Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

Even after a mere three months at our Catholic Colored Clinic I can see the encouraging results which are obtained in our Pediatric Clinic. We see the scared-looking and scrawny youngsters fill out and look wonderfully healthy in just a few weeks. One mother remarked the other day that "With them Sisters over at the school learning my child so good, and you all fixin' her up, I ain't got nothin' frettin' me."

One day we heard a band playing outside. Sister Regina and I went to the front porch just in time to see a parade come down Forrest Avenue. Sister M. Philip brought the camera in hopes of getting a picture of the main attraction—an open sedan with three people sitting high up on the back, two young women in organdy evening dresses, and a bishop (self-styled, of course). The bishop was rather a young man, wearing a black biretta, a long tunic of gold cloth, with a purple chasuble and gold braid on top. The parade stopped while Sister took pictures. One of the patients told us the parade was a welcoming gesture to a famous singer.

One of the routine questions asked on admitting a patient to the Clinic is: "How did you hear about the Clinic?" Though the answers are not recorded on the patients' charts, some of the answers are long remembered. One patient's "white madam" had "passed", but returned to tell her to go to the Catholic Colored Clinic and there they would make her better. So, as the patient put it, "to satisfy the spirit and my own conscience, I came here this morning." It is hard to say just how many patients will come filing in our doors in the future if our referrals do not confine themselves to the "natural."

Sister M. Raphael

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

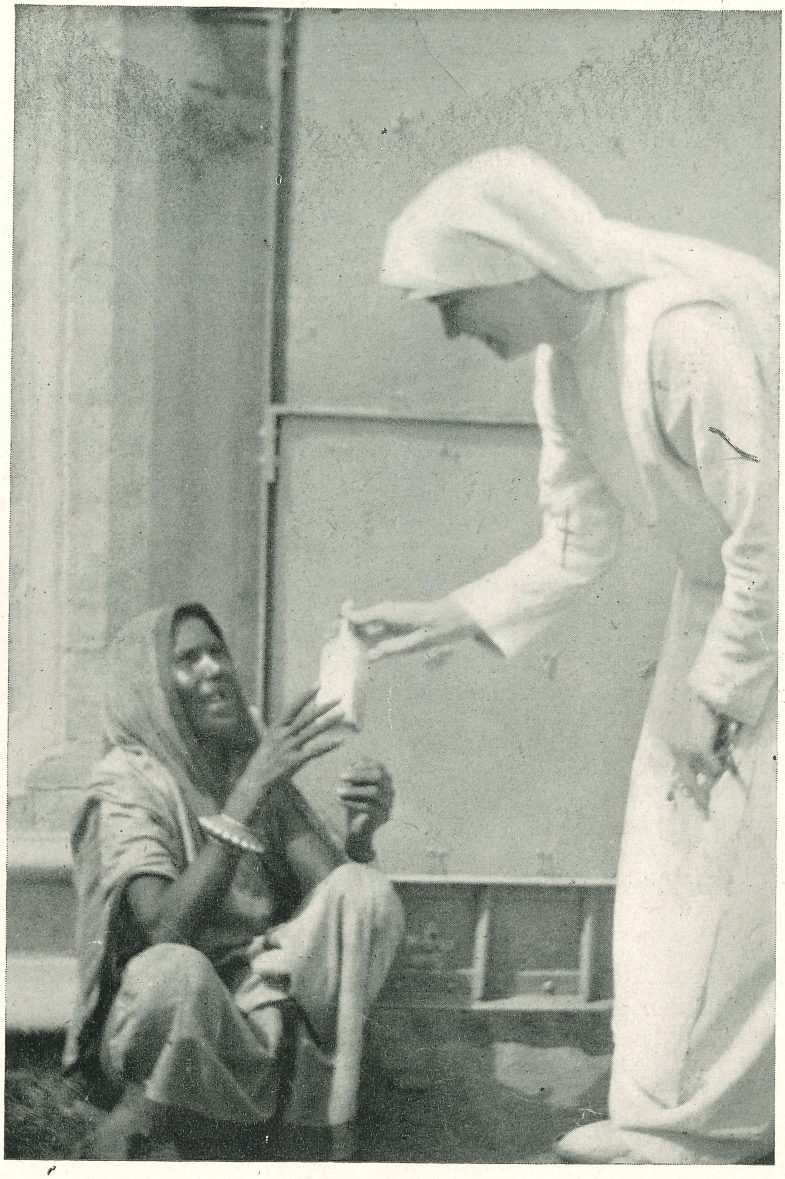
Sister M. Macaria, C. S. C.
Holy Cross, Indiana

Mrs. David E. Tracy
Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. Ann Lang
Middle River, Md.

Mrs. John Barry Ryan
New York, N. Y.

Thank You, Sister-Ji!



BUT . . .

. . . it will take more than a bottle of medicine to make Gulabi well.

We need your prayers and contributions to build a hospital for the hundreds of Gulabis who come to us for help.

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M. D.
Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

In gratitude to God for the gifts of Faith and health, I wish to give $..... for Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India.

Sincerely,

.....

MR. & MRS. W. J. HEIRES 6-48
ROUTE 2
CARROLL, IOWA

Modern thought and life must be regained and led back to Christ. Christ, His truth, His grace, are no less necessary to the men of today than to those of yesterday, or those of all centuries past and future. That is the only fountain of salvation, the Catholic Faith . . . in its full integrity, purity and vigor. It is necessary that the Church herself make every effort, tenaciously and perseveringly, to reconcile and subject every domain of human life to the gracious rule of Christ, so that His law may reign, His love triumph. All apostolate, whatever its form, is but a participation in the redemptive work of Christ.

Pius XII—"On the Apostolate"